

DAY BREAKS

*We dance round in a ring and suppose,
But the Secret sits in the middle and knows.*

ROBERT FROST, the chief living poet of America, wrote the lines for us on the flyleaf of his poems and we find it difficult to forget them. We have been dancing round in a ring and supposing for a long time, and always the secret has been there. We supposed it was all right. We hoped something was happening in all the weary months of waiting.

Something was happening. We were dancing round a ring that was fourteen thousand miles long, and sitting in the middle of it all was Victory. Now the end begins. We are moving out of midnight darkness into the rising sun. We began this fateful year with the faith that it would see the Immortal Dawn, and it is breaking.

Our Great Novembers

We are entering on the 25th year of Germany's defeat in the first battles of the Thirty Years War. They lasted for four years, when the enemy was routed on the field and became a beggar at the door. She was allowed to recover her breath and to strike another felon's blow, and today, after losing many battles, the Forces of Freedom are annihilating barbarism and opening the gates that will lead us to a warless world.

A GREAT month is November. It is our Remembrance month, when we remember the flower of Europe's youth scattered in the graves of Flanders Fields. It is the month in which the Pilgrims of the Mayflower walked ashore at Cape Cod, on the sacred eleventh of November in 1620.

They had had a long and stormy voyage across the Atlantic, the timbers of their little ship shivering and moaning as she beat against the wind, 102 men and women and children crammed between the decks. There came a day when the main beam of the ship gave way. *The cradle of America was reeling in Mid-Atlantic on a broken reed.* But it held, and the founders of a nation forged their way in a frail barque through an angry sea. On the eleventh of November they walked ashore.

The Miracle

What awaited them they can little have imagined. They were to live on into history with a glory beyond their dreams, for they were the beginners and begetters of the greatest nation that ever dominated a continent. They built barricades of logs, made fires, and slept beneath the stars, and one day, probing their swords into heaps of sand, they found in these mounds ten bushels of corn, a bag of beans, baskets of maize, and a bottle of oil. Not since Moses found water in the rock had travellers come upon so great a miracle in a weary land, and soon a Red Indian came up and spoke to them in English about the streets of London!

SUCH were the miraculous Novembers of 1620 and 1918, the historic Novembers of the English-Speaking World. And now a third November joins them in the golden page of history, this month in which our hearts are lifted up and the descendants of the Mayflower Pilgrims have walked ashore together on the African Continent. Darkest Africa no

more, this vast continent has become as a lamp of freedom, a torch of liberty, to the human race in its anguish. Men have taken up the torch thrown down in Flanders Fields:

*To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep . . .*

High indeed it has been held in the desert sands of Egypt, in the burning streets of Stalingrad, in the mountains of New Guinea, above the satanic workshops of Genoa. Never was a page of history more impressive, more heroic, more thrilling to all free men, than the new tale of Old Egypt which opens up the way to rid the earth of the foulest tyranny that ever stained it with blood.

If we have waited long, we have not waited in vain. If the munitions of victory have gone slowly half round the world, they have arrived. If the enemy has had time to add infamy to infamy and butchery to butchery, he has been caught at last. If the world wondered in anger and grief at the long silence while men were murdered and broken and enslaved, the whole world knows at last that the Island and the Empire and the great Republic have not failed. Once again it is Abraham Lincoln's problem, that the world cannot live half-slave and half-free, and it is the English-speaking peoples who will solve it. The hour has brought the men and the men have shaped the weapons in the nick of time.

We Must Give All

Let us not believe that because the tide has turned it will carry us to Victory. Long and bitter it will be. Barbarism is fighting for its life, clothed in the whole armour of science, and the greatest military nation in the world is going down to the perdition it has richly earned. It will fight with sharpened claws and poisoned fangs and naked shamelessness in its last days of power. The call to us is not for satisfaction and relaxation, but for the strength of ten in every man to strike the final blow. All we have we must give. All we are we must dedicate to the glorious day awaiting us.

WE shall sweep these monsters off the face of the earth and shall break the chains of slavery. We shall restore security and confidence to small nations and build up unity among the strong. We shall lead the world back to the ways of decency and happiness and peace.

But the battle is still to be won. It will demand the utmost strength, the sternest resolution, the greatest sacrifice, of every one of us. No little luxury must we cherish now. No inconvenience must we resent. It is strength and speed that Freedom calls for, and the readiness of every man.

The Long Night is Over

The long night of waiting is over and the day begins. Let us make it short and swift by our example and our exertions. Our hard-pressed friends slave-bound in Europe begin to hope again. Our hard-pressed countrymen the whole world over hold up their heads. The island races of the Pacific begin to stir. The brave Russian people have found a new strength. From the White Sea to the Black Sea, from the Arctic to Australia, expectation stands on tiptoe and the hearts of men are beating high. The Island, the Empire, and the Great Republic, the most potential human forces on the earth, are moving to a dazzling future, and the day draws near when, after our long travail, they will lead the world again and share prosperity with all mankind.

Arthur Mee

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EVERY
TUESDAY
3d

POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 1d
No 1235

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Hail, Malta G C



The destruction of Rommel's Army has stirred Malta to its depths. This Maltese lady, in her faldetta, stands as a symbol of the heroic fortress, calm and serene

What Will Judas Do?

THE swift and glorious victory of the Eighth Army, and the advance of General Eisenhower in North Africa with forces sufficient to repel any counter-move and to meet General Montgomery on the frontier of Tunis and Libya, have brought Africa into the front of the fight for Europe's freedom.

We are seeing a phase of the war which is likely to amaze the world within the next few weeks. It is a tonic to free-minded Frenchmen in France as well as in North Africa. They now know what to do.

Hitler, student of tyranny and treachery, once had a pretty sure touch in handling events in Europe, but the probability is that from now on he is going to make blunder after blunder. One of the most curious of his recent blunders was when, just before President Roosevelt struck, he ordered Vichy to hand over ships in the ports of Unoccupied France and the French Empire. The price Vichy paid for this was the break with Washington.

There have been until now various good reasons why Washington has maintained official relations with Vichy, but events in France itself have hastened the day when no purpose could be served by pretending that the Men of Vichy represented their fellow-countrymen. Now, by the protective invasion of North Africa, the Americans and the British have given Frenchmen the opportunity of doing what they should have done two years ago.

We have two things to remember. Though French North Africa has been held down, it has not been tortured and crushed like Occupied France, nor shamed like Unoccupied France. The Colonial Army, with its glorious memories of the achievements of the noble soldier and great administrator Lyautey, has been disarmed, but not disbanded. Given a lead, and armed, that army will come into being again, thirsting for revenge.

There have always been many French soldiers of note and high place in Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis who have not bowed down to Vichy.

Secondly, there is Pierre Laval, the Rat, as his countrymen so unpleasantly call him. There is good reason to suppose that this man, despite all he has done to blacken the face of France before the world, has simultaneously made his plans for a deal with the Allies should such a step seem advisable.

A journalist once asked Laval what he would do if the Allies were to beat the Axis, and Laval smiled cynically; his smile was a beastly thing to look upon. "In that event, monsieur," he said, "I

Continued on page 2

O, VALIANT DAY

Battle That Transformed the World

O VALIANT DAY, we must all have felt on the Sunday of last week, for it was a day on which the war, dragging wearily for year after year, took a swift turn round.

It is Africa that has transformed the face of the world for all of us; the old lands of Sultans and Pharaohs have burst into front-page news. Egypt, Libya, Tunis, Algeria, Morocco, are all once more on the lips of men.

The Second Front has come with a vengeance, and in a way little dreamed of by the irrepressibles and irresponsibles of Fleet Street and Trafalgar Square. It is best, after all, to leave the management of wars to the men who know the facts.

It is old news now how General Alexander and General Montgomery drove Rommel out of Egypt and smashed up his army. "Some talk of Alexander" we read in poetry, and well might we add that some talk of Monty, too, as the little son of a Bishop of Tasmania is called. There is no more valiant pair in the British Army than these two men who in three months have reorganised defeat into victory and thrilled the world with one of the most astounding military spectacles in history.

It may seem to Hitler now a pity that he discouraged his Nazis from reading the Bible, for there Master Rommel might have read the warning from Isaiah, *Woe to them that go down into Egypt*. Certainly he would have learned from the Bible (which Montgomery reads every day) that they who put their trust in chariots will meet their doom.

Rommel, who was being glorified in Berlin as a demi-god to take the mind of the people off the German defeat at Stalingrad, has collapsed suddenly like a house of cards. In a few days he was running out of Egypt faster than the Children of Israel could ever run from Pharaoh. The road was strewn with wrecks of his marvellous mechanised army, his German braves were in full flight, his Italian slaves were left to be picked up in thousands by whoever had time to spare. Tragic and pitiful was the fate of these misérables.

A Great Victory

The Africa Corps, the most highly concentrated Nazi force, which had closed the Mediterranean against us and driven us 14,000 miles round with every bit of metal we carried, was shivering in fragments. Its hundred thousand men were beaten and broken and out of the war, tens of thousands of them slain. The tanks were lost in hundreds, lost guns were at least a thousand; vehicles wrecked and captured could not be counted.

It is something to be going on with for the Allies, who had waited sorrowfully while Russia bore the brunt of the Nazi sword; but there was more to follow. Not Egypt only was to be freed from the Nazi savages, but in good time the whole north coast of Africa, the southern shores of the Mediterranean, the short life-line of the Allied Armies.

With incredible success, which startled those who had prepared for it, the Americans landed in Algiers, in Oran, in Casablanca. In Morocco was a Moorish Sultan, but in Algiers and in

Oran was Vichy, the Traitor of France. Yet, in spite of Vichy and Laval, the capital of Algeria was soon in our hands, capitulating to the forces of freedom, and Oran after that, with Tunis looming ahead in our plans—and so to Tripoli!

All that will come of this, the opening of the Mediterranean, the release of a great fleet of shipping, the end of the long agony of Malta, the invitation to the Navy to pay calls on Italy, the encouragement to the fighting heroes of Yugo-Slavia, the new hope for Greece—all this is rapt in mystery, the secret of the future. But, whether these things follow swiftly or come slowly after much fighting, they will come, and from now the war assumes a new phase. Hitler has marched into Unoccupied France, not knowing what else to do; but we are well prepared.

The Army's Opportunity

It should be said that the R.A.F. has made this victory possible by the valour that has become renowned throughout the world. It has been the Battle of Britain over again. It should be said also that the Navy has done its share, sinking the transports which were bringing reinforcements to Rommel, cutting him off from supplies. But let the last word be for the Army, which has waited so long for its opportunity and has found it at last. It has struck a blow which has changed the face of the world and sent dismay through the whole ranks of Nazis, Japs, and Jackals.

As for the Japs, they too have met with heavy blows, for the Australians have broken their grip on Papua. As for the Russians, they stand like an immovable rock before the mighty masses of savages thrown against them.

As for the Allies everywhere, and for the stricken peoples of Europe, the day was never so bright and the dawn was never so near. The tide has turned towards Victory.

THINGS SEEN

Notice at a Cardiff shop: Boy Wanted, not over 70.

A pair of buffalo's horns on a salvage cart.

A dog, hearing the cackle of a hen, racing to the poultry run and eating the egg.

A blue tit sound asleep in a street lamp at Wishaw, Lanarkshire.

A man in a car, whose brilliant lights lit up the countryside, warning a boy to put out a torch.

Brains Trust, Junior

THE C.N. has often felt that the Brains Trust could be improved by the inclusion of a bright schoolboy.

Now the B.B.C. has started a Junior Brains Trust, at present for overseas broadcast only, and five boys and girls sitting in a London studio have been heard by British children evacuated to North America discussing such problems as whether mixed schools are better than schools for boys and girls separately, and whether boys and girls should be trained for careers at school. The boys and girls forming this Brains Trust were Susan Watson, 12, who was in England on a visit from Kenya when war broke out; George Gloucester, 13, an American boy who missed the last boat home; Mariette Loubry, 17, of Antwerp, who escaped with her family from Belgium and reached England by way of Gibraltar; and two English boys—Albert Ross, 15, and Brian Forbes, 16, a most competent Question Master.

Listeners were invited to send further questions for discussion, and we prophesy that the feature will become so popular that it will be necessary to broadcast it more frequently and more widely. At present it is included once a month in a weekly programme for keeping evacuated boys and girls in touch with Home.

In the bright days of Peace that lie ahead we should like to see an extension of the idea, with international teams discussing world problems. The youthful sentiments expressed would give the grown-ups something to think about!

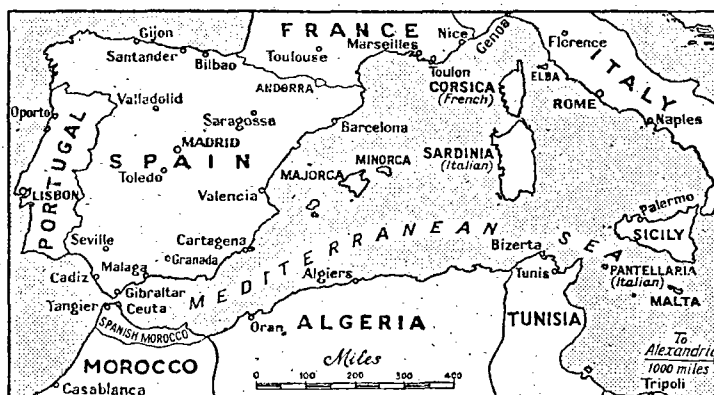
A WORD FROM MONTGOMERY

Who does not like that picture of General Montgomery, the bishop's son, meeting the beaten Commander of the Nazi Africa Corps and inviting him to breakfast?

And who does not like this word from this valiant British general, speaking to his staff:

I read my Bible every day, and I recommend you to do the same.

FREEDOM LEAPS ACROSS HALF THE WORLD



Till the other day the Allies (except by air) were half the world away from the stricken peoples of Europe; that is to say, the Mediterranean being dangerous to them through U-boats and planes, they were driven to go 14,000 miles round by the Cape to bring help to our armies and to get within fighting reach of the forces that had the effect of closing our short life-line. By the dramatic strokes of last week the way is being opened up again: it is as if the Allies had taken a leap which brought them, from half the world away, in front of the southern shores of enslaved Europe across a narrow sea.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

A LIBERTY cargo ship launched in California has been named after Booker T. Washington, the American coloured leader.

There were just over 50,000 farm tractors working in this country when the war broke out; today there are 120,000.

The West Riding of Yorkshire now has 7000 more cattle than at the outbreak of war, and more arable land than ever before.

Sir Richard Gregory believes that an international auxiliary language, something as widely understood as the Morse Code, will be one of the most important requirements after the war.

If, after the coming of peace, we were to start once again the vicious circle of international trade competition, we should be lost, and in a few years would be confronting another war.

Sir Stafford Cripps

THERE are now three hundred thousand Savings Groups, an increase of a quarter of a million during the war.

Scout and Guide News Reel

His handshake on greeting the Chief Scout revealed for the first time that a member of the Brazilian Press Delegation now in this country is a Scout; he brought greetings from Scouts of Brazil to Scouts of Britain.

The four King's Scouts who have just returned from America are to tour British towns and tell of their experiences.

Scouts of the 22nd Crosby Troop took first prize at the local Horticultural Show for potatoes grown on their allotment.

A former Patrol Leader of Northampton, now in the R.A.F., has formed a Scout Troop in

London Post Offices are given every week enough books for the Forces to fill 500 mail-bags.

We are informed that we are in error in saying that the Guards still march to the Bank of England every night; the bank is guarded but the nightly march does not take place in wartime.

From Australia we hear of the child of a major-general, away at the war who has developed the habit of dialling numbers at random requesting the person at the other end to send her Daddy home!

It has been discovered that an evening paper published in the North of England was on a Nazi officer's desk the next night.

The publisher who 60 years ago paid Robert Louis Stevenson 100 guineas for all rights in Treasure Island has died in Melbourne; he was Mr E. A. Vidler.

We are now the most highly mechanised farming country in the world; in 1941 about £20,000,000 was spent on new farm machinery.

Persia; all his orders to the Troop are given through an interpreter.

SINCE Brazil entered the war, the Bandierantes, as the Girl Guides there are known, are rallying splendidly to the call for volunteers for National Service.

Guides are now being trained for International Service Teams, to work in Europe at the close of hostilities for the relief of hardship, particularly among children.

Guides from the 2nd Grimsbury Company give their services every Saturday, performing odd jobs at the Nurses Home of a hospital at Banbury.

WHAT WILL JUDAS DO?

Continued from page 1

shall become a good democrat again."

So we may credit the suggestion that Laval has already made approaches to the Allies, in case they win. President Roosevelt and Mr Churchill have learned how to deal with him. They may kick him downstairs, but he will pick himself up and come crawling back, ready to sell

all the secrets he has sneaked from the Nazis. Hitler knows this, but he is in no position to do anything about it. If he strikes at Laval, he also strikes at himself.

The American occupation of North Africa therefore presents him with the problem that is likely to baffle him, not because of what the Allies are doing, but because of what the French traitors may do. In Laval Hitler has met as big a mountebank as himself. We may well be satisfied to see them fight it out, while the French patriots in North Africa prepare the blow which they, as well as the British and Americans, will deal the Nazi flank on the Mediterranean coast.

Hitler cannot fortify that coast against us; it is too late. He might force poor Marshal Pétain to promise that it will be defended against the Americans and the British, but supposing the invasion is made by stout-hearted Frenchmen, "coming home," and in their own ships? What then?

One thing we may know for certain. It will not be necessary for us or for the Americans to deal with Judas Laval on the final day of reckoning. French patriots will undertake that task. On that day will pass into oblivion one of the most miserable traitors in the modern world.



In England Now—A willing band of helpers on a big plot where food is grown for the canteen of an aircraft factory

In the Steps of Mr Gladstone

A NEW book just out reminds us that Queen Victoria wrote of Mr Gladstone as that dreadful old man. He had been her Prime Minister four times and had served the nation as long as she had, yet the queen had never shaken hands with him.

But in spite of her hatred of the Grand Old Man his fame is safe in the affections of the nation, and a correspondent recalls that he loved the small economies such as we make today, and hated waste.

The old Prime Minister was among the most generous of men, but he was an economist who carried principle into practice in

the smallest things, and nothing caused him greater horror than the wasting of a half-sheet of notepaper.

As to timber, he was the prince of lumberjacks. Not only did he know the height and circumference of every tree on his estate, but he was an expert woodman, and once declared to a distinguished company that if other callings failed him he could earn full wages as a timber-cutter.

Not without good reason did Lord Morley speak of Gladstone's "incomparable physical gifts which seemed to encase a soul of fire in a frame of pliant steel."

THE IRREPRESSIBLE

A war correspondent has reported that he asked a Cockney sentry on duty in the Egyptian battle area the way to a certain place. The soldier grinned and said: "Sorry, mister. I don't know. I'm a stranger in these parts myself."

A CHANCE FOR BOYS

It is not surprising that the Government has called for youths to become Engineer Cadets with a view to taking technical commissions in the fighting services. Although warfare today is between mechanised giants, the giants are useless without a controlling brain.

For the great machine which is going to smash the Axis it is essential to have a continuous supply of young officers with technical training. So here is a great chance for boys of 16 to 19 who have left school with at least the School Certificate, including a credit in mathematics or physics or science. They are invited to become cadets, and successful applicants will be given engineering courses at technical colleges before being passed on to one of the three services for training as technical officers.

Application should be made to the Appointments Office of the local branch of the Ministry of Labour and National Service, or to Appointments Department, Sardinia Street, London, WC 2.

QUISLING'S ROPE

We told the other day how the Nazis had put Quisling, the traitor of Norway, on a postage stamp with a laurel wreath round his brow. Now comes news that the RAF are dropping stamps on Norway. One is of 30 ore, and shows a portrait of Quisling with a rope noose round the face instead of the chaplet of leaves!

THIS KIND WORLD

Miss Emma Porter, who lives in Massachusetts, read a newspaper story of the experience of another Emma Porter, an 84-year-old lady who was buried under debris for eleven hours after the raid on Canterbury in June.

Now the Canterbury Emma Porter, who is living at Horsmonden, has received a parcel of groceries and other gifts from her American namesake, with a letter wishing her good luck.

THE ROAD WAR

There is no real improvement in road fatalities, and it is completely misleading to have regard to the number of people killed on the roads now and to neglect pre-war figures.

The fatalities among children in September this year was actually higher than in September 1938, the total being 120 against 89. They included 26 child cyclists.

The record is a most melancholy one, and it is plain that little has been done to awaken the public conscience in the matter.

THE work of local councils inevitably increases during war, and just as inevitably public interest in it decreases. Yet the good work goes on all the same.

A notable example is St Pancras, that teeming four square miles of London stretching from Oxford Street to Ken Wood, whose Librarian, (Mr Sinclair) has reported on the service of his libraries since the outbreak of war.

One undoubted result of the war has been a new interest in reading, and it is good to see that the total of books issued to St Pancras folk since the war began

THE SCHOOL AND THE FIELD OF BEET

Cranbrook School has a new master, and one of his boys writes to tell us that he is good at poetry as well as at hard work on a sugar-beet field near the school. We must agree about the poetry, for our correspondent sends us one of Mr Kendall's poems to the boys, from which we quote two verses, begging the master's pardon for printing them without his permission.

THERE'S a field of beet hard by our school,
There's a job of work for hand and tool,
Pleasures give place to saving our race,
For our danger's quite plain to a fool.

There's a boat in peril on the sea,
There's sugar on board for you and me,
Release the fleet by pulling the beet,
So that ships may bring arms to the free.

The Labour Lost For Victory

The average expenditure on alcoholic drinks in this country amounts to 7s 3d per family per week. If every family in the land were to cut their drink bill down by, say, one-half, the amount would come to £90,000,000 per annum; the waste in lowered ability to work now resulting from the consumption of alcohol would be largely removed, and the gain in national working capacity would be even greater than is represented by this monetary gain. War Savings Committee during the last war

The Libraries of St Pancras

is well over a million. As many as 250 people have been counted at one time in the Highgate Library.

Three thousand books were sent to official air-raid shelters, and three thousand more sent away for the benefit of evacuees in places as far afield as Cornwall. Others were provided for the local RAF and Army barracks, and many technical books were also supplied to the local A.T.C.

For the benefit of Civil Defence workers and residents in blitzed areas a Travelling Library was started, and in just over a year it

Redwood the Magnificent

THE Redwood, that native of California, is one of the tallest trees. So big it is that one wonders if it gave birth to that very American story of the tree so high that it took a man and a boy to see to the top of it.

In fact, the redwood reaches a height of over 300 feet; specimens have been known to soar over 320 feet, and the diameter of the trunk is sometimes 35 feet. Although so mighty, its leaves are particularly small, looking like green scales overlapping.

The age of the redwood is remarkable; one specimen, count-

ing its years by its rings, has been estimated to have reached 3000 years. An American tree lover gives us an account of one which was felled a few years ago. It was not a big tree of its kind, but it needed a hundred lumbermen to clear it away. They took from it 95,000 feet of lumber, while the butt, 22 feet long and nearly 14 feet in diameter, made its history plain. The tree was born in the year 728, and scars showed that it had been damaged by fire in 1147. When the tree fell it was quite a young specimen, for its age was only 1205 years!

CN AT THE FRONT

A reader of the C-N in the Transvaal, who is 81, writes to tell us that he has lost all his sons (who fought in the last war), but has seven grandsons fighting in this, two of them "hefty youngsters over 6 feet and weighing 170 pounds," who love to get the C-N at the Front, where "the chaps get it and love it when we have done with it."

FOOTNOTES

Many women in America are clattering about the house in shoes with wooden soles. All the leather is now going to the armed forces and into aeroplanes.

In Norway paper shoes have been on sale for some months. The soles are made of wood and the tops of paper, and, though these shoes are said to wear well, the public is warned to dry them immediately after they have become wet.

The Langstraat district of North Brabant in the Netherlands, which used to be world-famous for its boot-making industry, is now making shoes from reeds and rushes.

THE RIDICULOUS

The people of France have lost much, but not the weapon of ridicule.

From a town in Occupied France comes the story of a swaggering German who entered a café and ostentatiously hung his sword on a peg before calling a waitress in a loud and domineering manner.

Presently a young French student came in with a cycle pump dangling at his side. He hung his pump on a peg near the sword and sat down by the German.

EVACUEES FROM LONDON

The reasons for the decision of the Government to end child evacuation from London, which ceased on November 10, should be made clear.

The Ministry of Health point out that it is not because London is less dangerous than before; mothers whose children are already in the country should on no account bring them back.

The reason for the change is the decrease in the number of outgoing children. During recent months only about 50 children a week have been sent to reception areas, and these small parties have caused a tremendous amount of work not justified.

It will continue to be possible to register children for organised evacuation, so that it can be put into operation immediately the need arises.

JUDY OF THE HOWE

A Leeds family has presented a pet bulldog, Judy, to the new battleship Howe, which the crew have adopted. Judy, a white pedigree bulldog with black markings, has been with the family about five years, and was a great favourite. She has now made herself at home on the great ship, the commander of which writes:

"Judy is settling down on board and seems very happy. She has already learned to climb up and down ladders. The ship's butcher is looking after her."

The EDITOR'S TABLE

LO, HE WAS NOT

I HAVE seen the wicked in great power and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not.

The Psalmist

The Youngest Party

WE hear many complaints that the House of Commons is growing older, and some interesting facts have just been published concerning the ages of its members.

It seems that the smallest of the three parties is the youngest. The Conservatives have 45 per cent under 50, and Labour 19 per cent, but the Liberals have 47 per cent. Also, the Liberals lead in youth in the Government, the Labour average being 58, the Conservative 48, and the Liberal 44. If we take the age at which members entered Parliament the Liberals lead again, the Labour average being 45, the Conservative 40, and the Liberal 36. The Liberals also have the youngest member, Captain G. C. Grey.

Where Should Our Money Go?

AN Australian correspondent writes concerning our note on Mr Curtin's Austerity speech, from which we gathered that racing was to stop. Our correspondent sends us a page from a Melbourne paper crammed with racing news.

The news fills both sides of the page except that in one corner is an appeal for War Saving, pointing out the urgency of putting every penny into war loan, certificates, or stamps. A few inches away are the tipsters, begging the readers of the paper not to have their minds taken off a certain horse the next time he runs, to "get the cash ready," and to remember that before long a certain horse will be running and there will be "heaps of money" to be made.

Where should money go now, we wonder—to the racecourse or to the battlefield?

Under the Editor's Table

WE have a fine crop of nuts this year. And the enemy won't shell them.

THERE is something wrong with a man who doesn't like music. Obviously, he doesn't like music.

EDITORS are of a robust breed, says an M.P. With strong opinions.

NOBODY need be cold this winter, we are told. But we shall keep cool.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If every deadlock has a key

APPLE trees have had more fruit on the average. Ours have had it on the bough.

PEOPLE do not like to be tied to a job. Makes them feel done up.

THE Eighth Army has beaten the Western Desert, says a writer. Must have made a lot of dust.

THESE are trying times. Everyone trying to win the war.

Governing With Our Eyes Shut

WE fear that in too many cases the obvious has been neglected in the conduct of war detail.

The nation put itself in the hand of its governing powers, according them unlimited confidence in the ordering of the war effort. That effort covered a host of matters large and small, and a vast amount of good work has been done.

Unfortunately, however, too many things of which there should have been complete and intelligent control were allowed to go astray. The chief of them, of course, is coal, as to which we find ourselves actually in danger in the fourth year of the war, when nothing should have been so obvious as to preserve intact such a number of miners as would have been sufficient to keep our home fires burning.

Many other things of less importance were also neglected. Thus we find ourselves unable to buy very small electric lamps to save electricity. Although towels are a prime necessity to the housewife, she finds herself unable to buy them except at extortionate prices and with the aid of personal coupons.

The cotton trade, again, was not thought out. A prime

necessity from the beginning was blackout stuff for curtains, yet there was much profiteering in rubbish in the early days and after three years the material is 6s a yard, a most extravagant price.

Matches are short, electric batteries are short, pins are short, darning cotton is short. We expected some things to be dear and difficult to obtain, but there is no excuse for raiding the cotton trade in such fashion as to deprive it of much of its usefulness.

Then there are china and earthenware. Surely if the bright schoolboy the C.N. has so often asked for in the Cabinet had been in authority he could not be excused for forgetting that cups and saucers are fragile! The trade was so badly raided, not by the enemy, but by our own powers of government, that the crockery shops are empty, save for teapots at ten shillings and utility cups without handles!

Dare We Do As Much?

GENERAL SIR CHARLES BONHAM-CARTER, formerly Governor of Malta, speaking about the islanders at Bournemouth, said:

When they wish to show they are away from home they always leave the key in the door.

WARNING TO RECTORS

YOUTH will rule the world, we are told, and we hear from a rectory in Kent, a rectory which Francis Drake must have known, that the process has actually begun.

Within the old walls of the rectory live four young friends of ours, of whose musical progress we hear with increasing delight. Audrey and Joan are first and second violins, Mary is the viola, and little Monica insists on strumming the piano keys until God Save the King comes out.

It would seem a big enough band for one house, with only

mother and the busy rector to be audience, in the odd moments of their hard-pressed lives; but Youth will have its way, and we hear of a plot against the peace of rectors of which we feel we may issue warning to such rectories as the C.N. comes into, for the latest news is that these four musicians have raided their post office savings, bought father a cello, and handed the lovely instrument to him with instructions to learn it, play it, and join the heavenly choir!

BBC APOLOGY

From Our Postbag

DEAR EDITOR, I was glad to see your reference to the increase of drinking. Keep on hitting at these evils.

My father was once a drunkard, but, thanks be to God, he was awakened out of his stupor and has lived a good life for over 40 years. So you can understand that his children are grieved to see young people playing with Drink or to hear the BBC, as I did the other day, apologise for putting on the record of a song about clear cold water. E. C., Portsmouth

JUST AN IDEA

How well we realise at last what Ruskin said, that no man can judge the value of a life of self-denial until he has had the courage to try it himself.

THE MAN WHO FOUND PORT MORESBY

Another Unknown in the News

FROM the beginning of their attack the Japanese have known that the key to Australia lies along the long coastline of New Guinea, and that once they had crossed the Owen Stanley Range and covered the short coastal strip to Port Moresby nothing could stop them. They were only a few flying hours from the continent. The chief thing that has stopped them is the bravery of Australian soldiers fighting against great odds with their backs to Port Moresby and the sea.

Now, while the Americans have been landing in Africa, while the Empire has been driving Rommel out of Egypt, the Australians and Americans together have cleared the Japs out of the mountain regions of Papua.

We were telling the story of Owen Stanley the other day, the unknown man in the heroic news that comes to us almost every hour. What of Port Moresby? Who was Moresby?

The port is only a small town, although officially it is the capital of Papua, with shacks, bungalows, primitive hotels, and stores lying along its beautiful bay. We like to think that the C.N. is still arriving there, as it has done for years.

It is now almost seventy years since the young naval captain, John Moresby, nosed his way into this unknown bay on his ship the Basilisk (1031 tons, 400 h-p, five guns, 178 officers and men), and gave his father's names to the inner and outer harbours.

Love of the Sea

It was a happy ship, and the gallant Englishman wrote delightfully of the voyage which led him finally to New Guinea. He knew how to manage men; it ran in his family, which for years had been settled under the spires of Lichfield Cathedral. Love of the sea flowed in his veins, for his father (Admiral Sir Fairfax Moresby) married his mother within sight of Malta's Grand Harbour in 1814. Sir Fairfax had been a friend of Nelson, and went with him to the West Indies, chasing the Spanish and French fleets. In 1821, nine years before his younger son John was born, the admiral-to-be was scouting round the islands of Madagascar and Mauritius for slave traders.

So pleased was Wilberforce, the Great Emancipator, with Moresby's work that he asked the Government to allow him to continue. So it was in the proud tradition of his father and the service of humanity that son John steered the Basilisk into the Pacific Ocean to suppress the kidnapping trade among South Sea Islanders.

He had not been out many days from Australia when, his look-out shouted "Sail ahead." Moresby hoisted a signal, but there was no reply. Drawing nearer, he could see the flapping sails of a ship idly adrift in the great ocean.

Just as we were thinking her abandoned (he says), two or three wild-looking creatures, Solomon Islanders, rose up in the stern, and then we saw that others lay on the deck as if asleep. Lieutenant Hayter and Mr Bently (the gunner) went with two boats to board, and

these men pointed muskets at them over the side; but what men! They were living skeletons, creatures dazed with fear and mortal weakness.

As our crews boarded, other half-dead wretches tottered to their feet... dreadful to look at—beings in the last stage of famine, wasted to the bone... The sleeping figures were dead bodies fast losing the shape of humanity, on a deck foul with blood.

There was no water on board, no food, no boat by which they might have saved themselves. The hold was full of the sea; and the ransacked cabin, the blood, the planking splintered and scored by axe-strokes, told of a tragedy.

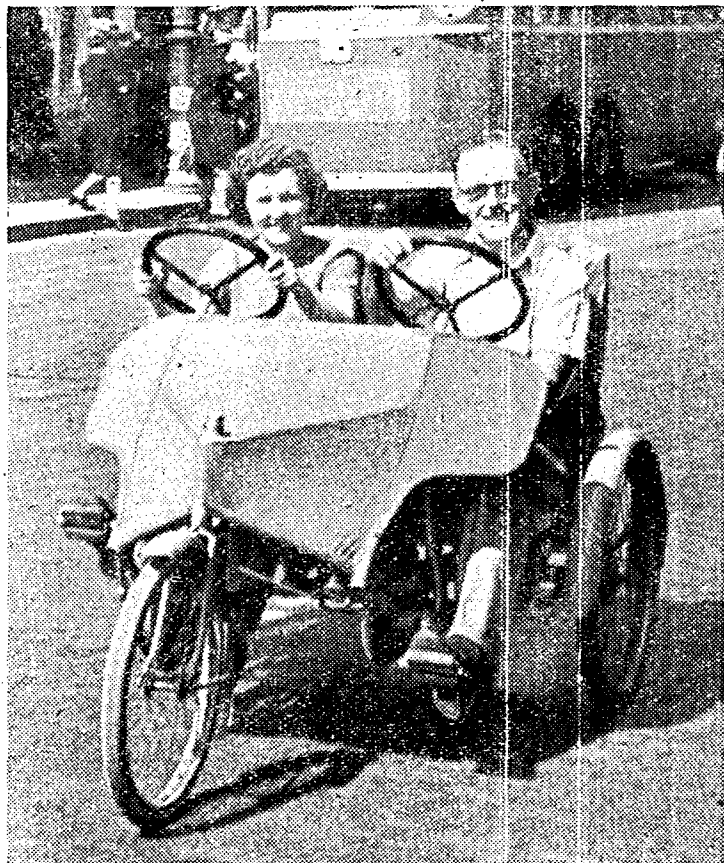
Those South Sea Islanders had been kidnapped, and, being maddened with hunger, had thrown the white crew overboard, and then found themselves powerless to sail the ship, and so drifted through 1800 miles of sea infested with reefs and submerged rocks until Moresby rescued them.

In 1872 the South Seas Kidnapping Act came into force, and Moresby began to hunt down the slavers. One island he visited had had its whole population of 450 carried off to Peru, save one man who jumped overboard and swam back to tell the awful news. Moresby caught two kidnapping schooners in January, 1872, in which were thirty men who for four years and more had been working without wages, except for clothing and tobacco. Two other ships he captured and sent down to Sydney.

A Considerate Captain

Tracking down the kidnappers through the Pacific, Moresby was exceedingly careful about the health of his own men. He invented a means of ventilation for the engine-room and allowed his men to bathe in the sea. He organised readings to relieve the monotony of the long days on the rolling Pacific. Then he turned northwards to survey the long and little-known coast of New Guinea, following the tracks of Owen Stanley. Unlike Stanley, Moresby was not afraid to make long expeditions ashore, sometimes staying away for a week. He walked among the natives without fire-arms, and this is how he describes one visit:

We grounded opposite a large village standing on poles far out in



The Pedal Car

Formerly in use on an American pleasure beach, this pedal car is now performing useful service in London while saving the petrol of a light delivery van

Continued from the previous column

the clear blue water, and stretching back into the verdure that climbed the undulating hills. The natives came off at once, some in canoes, some wading, all unarmed, to the number of about 100, and closed round us, with amazement in their faces but not a shade of fear.

This was a new experience for us, for at all the unchristianised islands we had visited the natives had been armed and on their guard. We were probably the first white men seen by them, and their curiosity was so eager that our men mistook it at first and seized their arms; but I had noticed not only that the natives were unarmed, but that their women and children had all turned out on the beach to see us. I therefore bade our men lay down their arms, and welcome the New Guinea men as friends; and friends the kindly creatures proved.

Still searching along the coasts for a spacious harbour he felt sure was there, he records very simply the great day of Friday, February 21, 1873, when Port Moresby was discovered:

At ten o'clock on Friday morning the Basilisk was off the opening we had found in the reef, henceforth to be known as Basilisk Passage, and from the foretop, whence every reef could be seen, I conned her through the passage into the still waters of Port Moresby to Jane Island, and past it into landlocked many-bayed Fairfax Harbour, where we anchored in five fathoms water. As we broke into these unknown waters I determined that the outer and inner harbours should bear these names of my father, the venerable Admiral of the Fleet.

The people flocked to meet Moresby in hundreds, chattering like monkeys, and the captain amused them by showing them a mirror and his loud-ticking watch. He ate vegetable por-

ridge cooked in one of their pots, with coconut thickly shredded over it. He watched them making nets for fishing and sat on their verandahs and drank coconut milk. The men were proud to show him their villages, holding his hand all the time!

Continuing his expeditions, he sailed eastwards through the China Strait and into the wide waters of Milne Bay, which the Japanese have long wished to possess as a base for attack on Port Moresby. Sailing among the islands at the eastern tip of New Guinea, the captain again remembered his old father by christening an island Moresby and its mountain peak Sir Fairfax.

Salute to a Hero

He came home in 1875 to live at Queenstown in Ireland, from where he joined in all the discussions going on at that time about our duty to the unknown land he had visited. By his example and integrity in dealing with these primitive peoples during his long voyage of over four years he had earned the right to speak and to be assigned a place among those who have made our country's name honoured among men.

Some words which Mrs Moresby wrote on the death of Commodore Collingwood, who followed up Moresby's work and was killed by poisoned arrows, we may take as a salute also to her gallant husband:

*The spirit swift to plan, the manly will
To follow on and do, the voice to lead
In war or council:
They had been ready at his country's need.*

50 POEMS WE SHOULD KNOW

By Writers Nobody Knows

For the past three weeks the C N has published a number of poems whose origin is quite unknown. Here is the final group, making fifty poems in all.

PRECIOUS LITTLE ONE

My heart is like a fountain true
That flows and flows with
love to you.

As chirps the lark unto the tree
So chirps my pretty Babe to me.

There's not a rose, where'er I seek.
As comely as my baby's cheek.
There's not a comb of honey bee
So full of sweets as Babe to me.

There's not a star that shines on
high
Is brighter than my baby's eye.
There's not a boat upon the sea
Can dance as Baby does to me.

The queen has sceptre, crown, and
ball,
You are my sceptre, crown, and all.
For all her robes of royal silk,
More fair your skin, as white as
milk.

Ten thousand parks where deer
do run,
Ten thousand roses in the sun,
Ten thousand pearls beneath the
sea,
My Babe more precious is to me.

When Shall We Meet Again?

When shall we three meet
again?

When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Perched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us
rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, power, and fame are
laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again.

I WISH I WERE WHERE HELEN LIES

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries:
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell lea!

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair;
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die!

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn owre my
e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me.

God Bless Us All

Bless the minnow, bless the
whale,

Bless the rainbow and the hail,
Bless the nest and bless the leaf,
Bless the righteous and the thief,
Bless the wing and bless the fin,
Bless the air I travel in,
Bless the mill and bless the
mouse,
Bless the miller's bricken house,
Bless the earth and bless the sea,
God bless you and God bless me.

Fair Chloris

I saw fair Chloris walk alone,
When feathered rain came
softly down,

As Jove descending from his
Tower,
To court her in a silver shower:
The wanton snow flew to her
breast,
Like pretty birds into their nest,
But, overcome with whiteness
there,
For grief it thawed into a tear:
Thence falling on her garment's
hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

THERE IS A LADY

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my
mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range
Her country, so my love doth change:
But change she earth or change
she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

The Royal Visit

Yet if his majesty, our sovereign
lord,
Should, of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I'll be your guest to-
morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves,
call and command
All hands to work! "Let no
man idle stand!"
Set me fine Spanish tables in the
hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want
no meat!

See every sconce and candlestick
made bright
That without tapers they may
give a light!
Look to the presence: are the
carpets spread,
The dais o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on
the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in
any case
Let each man give attendance in
his place."

Thus, if the king were coming,
would we do,
And were good reason too;
For tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly
king.

And after all our travail and our
cost,
So be he pleased, to think no
labour lost.
But at the coming of the King
of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in
the inn.
We entertain Him always as a
stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him
in the manger.

CARRY ON

THE STRIFE IS O'ER

The strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph
won;
Oh, let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

Let Nothing You Dismay

God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's
power
When we were gone astray.
Oh tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
was born on Christmas Day.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brother-
hood

Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
Oh tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
was born on Christmas Day.

TO BABYLON

How many miles to Babylon?
Three score miles and ten.
Shall we get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again.

Praise the Lord, Ye Heavens, Adore Him

Praise the Lord, ye heavens,
adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord, for he hath
spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be
broken
For their guidance hath he made.
Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints vic-
torious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power pro-
claim;
Heaven and earth and all
Creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

THE GREAT LOSS

The loss of gold is much;
The loss of time is more;
The loss of honour such a loss
As no man can restore.



THE POLITE CHILD'S PRAYER

MAKE me, dear Lord, polite and
kind
To everyone, I pray.
And may I ask you how you find
Yourself, dear Lord, today?

The Old Man at the Window

LOOKING out of the window of a sixth-floor flat in London the other day, one of our girl readers saw something which attracted her attention.

It was a quiet Sunday morning, and an elderly man stood at an opposite window. He wore a skull cap, and his left arm was bare. He was winding something round it, and had something on his forehead like a tiny black top-hat.

The girl could not make it out, so she called her father to explain.

"This is a good Jew," he said, "and he is saying his prayers and putting on his phylacteries."

These phylacteries, her father went on, are small square boxes of parchment or black calf-skin, containing texts on strips of parchment. They have ribbons of leather to wind them round the arm and the brow, and here are some of the words they contain:

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

These words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart.

Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they

shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

And thou shalt write them upon the doorposts of thine house, and upon thy gates.

The father took his daughter along the corridor of the flats, and there, on the lintel of the door of the business man's home, was a little flat strip of tin nailed up, so neatly that it could hardly be seen. In this also were contained the Bible words, according to the instruction of Moses.

For centuries Jews all over the world have observed this custom, and the Laying of the Tephillin, as the Jews call it, is still faithfully carried out each morning, except on the Sabbath. The Nazis, when they entered Vienna, forced Jews to defile their sacred phylacteries and use them to clean walls and pavements, but it was the Nazis who were defiled, not the Tephillin.

And still, in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Occupied France and Occupied Russia, the Jews are putting on their phylacteries despite the threat of death. Those small leather symbols are tokens of their immortal faith.

The Mezuzah, the Sign upon the Doorpost, still stands in the lands of oppression as the testimony of God's love for His tortured people.

Queen Victoria's Daughter VILLAGE GIRL AND GREAT LADY

IN one of the loveliest villages somewhere in England the people have sent 167 new clothes and 178 secondhand garments to the wife of the Russian Ambassador, Madame Maisky. With the gift went a letter of sympathy from the women of the village to the wives and mothers of Russia.

There went with them also a card from a little girl of nine in the village whom we will call Jennifer because that is her Christian name. She reads the CN and had read of the gifts of mending material sent by Polish women in England to the women in Russia. She set to work to raise money by giving little shows at home, and bought sewing materials, which she put in a box and sent to Madame Maisky with a card "To the brave women of Russia from a little English girl."

And in this parcel so gladly received at the Russian Embassy were nine articles of clothing made by a very distinguished lady living in this village. She is now halfway between 80 and 90, having been born in the year of the Indian Mutiny, and has been present at most of the great Court functions which have taken place in her long life.

Here now she sits sewing and knitting as hard as she can making cardigans for Russian soldiers, or anything else that comes to her mind, and we think it will interest our readers if we say that this distinguished old lady is the last remaining child of Queen Victoria, still not wearying of well-doing, still doing what she can for the country whose glorious pageantry she has seen for more than two generations. On each of the articles she sent in was a little slip on which was written, "Made by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, aged 85, great-aunt of the King of England."

THE AIRMEN'S LUMBER CLUB

The medical officer of a Royal Air Force bomber station has had an excellent idea.

He has offered the services of his men to local farmers and landowners in chopping down trees in their spare time. Needless to say, the offer is not pure philanthropy. There is an admirable fuel economy motive behind it, for the men who chop down the trees hope to keep the branches for their own use.

If this can be agreed there will be one bomber station which will be nice and warm this winter.

The officer calls the scheme his lumber club. When he put up a notice asking for volunteers he pointed out that not only would the woodcutters enjoy healthy exercise, but they might be able to ensure supplies of stout logs for the mess-room fires.

Pilots, navigators, aircraftmen, and gunners rushed to put down their names, and within a day or two he had all the volunteers he needed. Now he is waiting for the local War Agricultural Committee to tell him how the neighbourhood likes the idea.

NOT YET FIVE Thousandth Wartime Nursery



So much progress has been made in caring for the children of women war workers that the thousandth wartime nursery has now come into operation. Some 40,000 children are now being looked after in these much-needed establishments.

An interesting threepenny booklet on the subject, with the title Not Yet Five, has been issued by the Stationery Office. It has been compiled by the Ministry of Health and the Board of Education, and is a very human document, revealing what very young children like and dislike, and how they are kept happy and amused. The children enjoy short stories, but those under five do not care for fairy tales. The booklet contains many excellent illustrations, one of which is given here.

When the children are taken

for walks, it is found well to give the exercise a particular purpose, even if it is no more than to "see the trains go under the bridge," or to "visit the dog who lives at the house with the green door."

The community meals of the nurseries help to teach little children self-reliance, courtesy, and good manners at table. The attempt is always made to inculcate independence in washing, dressing, and brushing the hair. Thus it is found that if a top-button is fastened for him the child will soon learn to button the rest. Similarly, if a little one is allowed to use a brush and comb at a mirror before each meal, it gains self-help.

So many little children are encompassed in this great effort that we may expect it to have a considerable influence on the life of the nation.

48 Days on a Raft

WASHINGTON people stopped and laughed the other day to see a man walking around in a rubber suit during a heat wave. He was Kaare, a big, husky Norwegian seaman who was demonstrating the rescue suit he had worn for 48 days while drifting on a raft in the Atlantic.

When his cargo boat was torpedoed by a Nazi submarine he and eight others scrambled aboard a raft and made themselves as comfortable as possible in the circumstances.

They rigged their sail so that rain ran down it into their 14-gallon keg, and in this way they managed to have two-fifths of a pint a day per man. Luckily for them they were not entirely alone in the cold ocean. Turtles kept them company by playing round the raft, and when the food supplies dwindled to nothing Kaare dived into the sea at night, turned a 50-lb turtle over on its

back and swam back to the raft with his prize.

With the aid of a carpenter's chisel they took the turtle's shell off and ate the raw meat.

The days dragged by, and Kaare's black waterproof rubber suit kept him warm at night, dry from the spray, and cool in the blazing sun.

The whole time they only saw two ships, one on the 16th and one on the 30th day, and both passed them but on the 47th day they had a nasty scare, when for ten minutes curious whales romped around them, as unwelcome as U-boats. It was only by splashing with oars that the monsters were prevented from upsetting them. As it was, they came so close that the men could have touched their backs. On the 48th day they were rescued by a cargo boat, and now Kaare has one idea in mind, to get back to sea as soon as possible.

MIMI THE MESSBOY

A DAUGHTER of Fighting France has arrived in London to serve with the French A.T.S.

She did not escape from the Continent in an open boat or play hide-and-seek with the Gestapo. Her pet aversion was Red Tape. A clever young painter, she was sent to Canada with her mother and her small sisters after the fall of France, but her heart was with her father, a gallant officer in London with De Gaulle. She begged to be allowed to return to England, but her father was adamant. You can do just as good war work in Canada, was his reply to all her letters.

Mimi was broken-hearted, be-

cause, being only 18, she was not allowed to land in England without her father's permission; but she was determined to find a way out. Between typing and cookery lessons she pestered the life out of the immigration authorities and haunted the wharves for a ship which would take her across the Atlantic and not be too fussy about passports.

Then one day she signed on as a messboy on a small Norwegian freighter, knowing well that she would probably be put in prison when she arrived.

But once here Mimi's troubles were over, and her dream to become a true daughter of Fighting France came true.

BEDTIME CORNER

What Shall I Sing?

SING, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat has eaten the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

CATHEDRAL MOUSE

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL is one of the newest of our sacred shrines.

The other day the writer was standing before its memorial tomb of the Earl of Derby, a lifesize figure showing the earl as though he were asleep, and for a pillow his head is resting on a model of the cathedral itself. At the base of one corner of this model is a very tiny hole. "It is a mousehole," the verger said, "and the mouse is inside; it is the cathedral mouse."

He persuaded the writer to put the tip of his little finger inside the hole, and there he felt what might have been the tiny nose of a very small mouse. That is what it is

supposed to be, and that is why it is there.

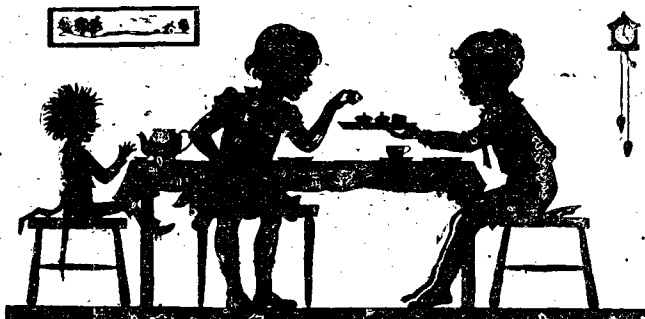
"Have you ever heard of a man being as poor as a church mouse?" the verger asked, and of course we had. "Well," he said, "here is the church mouse, and here is a very rich man, and they are both resting in a building which has been built to the Glory of God." Then he went on to remind us that "neither poverty nor riches" need separate any of us from the love of God.

There are many lovely and noble things in Liverpool Cathedral, but whenever the writer goes there he always spends a little time at the tomb of that Earl of Derby, and inserts the tip of his finger into the house-hole.

PRAYER

*Watch over us this night,
O Lord, and let us wake with
the desire to live as Thou
wouldest have us live, and to
serve Thee in all we do.*

Amen



TEA FOR THREE

Where Has the BBC Been For 2000 Years GREAT FAME OF A VILLAGE

THE BBC is full of surprises, but its latest is almost too surprising to believe. Yet we ourselves heard the Announcer say that until Mrs Roosevelt went to see it the world had never heard of Barham.

Well, well! Yet Julius Caesar was there camping with 40,000 men, King John was there camping with 60,000; and Lord Kitchener was there—it was the village to which he said goodbye before his fatal voyage.

May we suggest that the BBC puts the King's England volumes on its library shelves and looks them up when it speaks of Barham again. This is what it will find in the Kent volume:

BARHAM Downs are famous; its great house has a pathetic interest; its church, which owes something to all our great building centuries, may be a place of pilgrimage. On these downs camped Caesar's legions, and the ancient Britons long before them. Somebody has described it as the most historic mile of countryside in England. Here the Britons fought the Romans on Caesar's second landing, before the birth of Christianity. Caesar himself has described the battle. The Britons dug pits and covered them with trees, rode their chariots, and were ruthless; but Caesar's Seventh Legion advanced like a tortoise, with shields above their heads, and left not a Briton alive.

Here camped King John with 60,000 men; here camped the army of Simon de Montfort, the founder of our Parliament. Spacious and famous are these square miles of Barham Downs, on which stands one of the finest windmills in Kent. Its sails rise in the sky with the copper steeple of the church.

Broome Park, with the house Inigo Jones built for Sir Basil Dixwell, who signed the death warrant of Charles Stuart, stands in 600 glorious acres through which anyone may

roam. It was the last home of Lord Kitchener. Here in the stress and strain of the Great War he would seek peace in the hollow of the downs.

It was his delight to do things here. He made the oak door himself and put on it the great knocker with its curious figures. He filled the Great Hall with his treasures; it is nearly 100 feet long and has a remarkable roof. There is a wooden arcade at each end and an overmantel with Kitchener's watchword, *Thorough*. The rug is made up of the skins of 24 black bears shot by Kitchener, and there are suits of armour he collected, chased in silver and gold. His portrait by John Collier is on the wall. In one of his rooms Lord Kitchener set up a fireplace with two stone panels, and one summer's day he took up a piece of charcoal and designed on one of these panels his coat-of-arms. A messenger arrived in the park to interrupt him. It was a summons to Russia, and Lord Kitchener left his design and never came home again.

In the church porch, worthy of its distinction, is a small oak tablet with 21 names of those men of this place who never came back. The first name is Lord Kitchener's. In the church itself a flag hangs in the chancel arch, and thereby hangs a tale. It was the white ensign of HMS Raglan, sunk off Imbros in the Dardanelles on January 20, 1918, and the story told of it is that as the ship went down two of her men who were safe risked their lives to save the flag. They risked their lives and lost them, but the flag came home, one of the thrilling witnesses in this sacred place of that immortal heroism which knew no bounds when England was in peril. The story is not told in the Official History, but Lord Broome, heir to Lord Kitchener, who was in the Navy at the time, knew of the story as written in the church and did not challenge it.

And so on, and so on

AND WHAT OF MUSSOLINI?

Now that Italy's hour of decision draws near, when she must ask herself whether she can afford Fascism any longer, we may recall a story told of Mussolini.

It was in the early days of his power, and he was driving at high speed in a powerful car when something happened in a narrow street, and the guest in the car said they ought to stop and return to the village. But Mussolini would have none of it. "Never look back!" he snapped.

Perhaps the Duce is beginning to look back at last. With Augustus of old, he may well cry out, "Give me back my legions!" Alas, he cannot have them back, for they have been lost, betrayed by Italy's ancient foes the Germans. One of the most pathetic facts of the break-up of the Nazi Africa Corps is the abandonment of the Italians by their beaten Allies. There were so many of them that our Army could not capture them, and they stood about in groups appealing to be taken.

Mussolini, and he alone, is responsible for the unnatural and disastrous alliance which has yoked a once cultured and lovable people in the chariot of the Nazi savages, but indeed it is late now for the Duce to look back. His day has come.

PATRIOT & HIS VAN

Our postbag brings us a letter from a greengrocer in Austalia who has a stirring appeal painted on his van saying that there will always be an England, and begging people to grow onion seed for us!

We gather that the response has been more than gratifying, for 80 pounds of seed was grown and brought over to England, enough for ten thousand average allotments. "The CN has been a tonic to me in the dark days we have passed through," our friend writes; he lends it round to his customers. We send our greetings to this valiant spirit.

Children's Hour

These notes on the BBC Broadcasts are for the period Wednesday, November 18, to Tuesday, November 24, inclusive.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 Two stories for the youngest listener, followed by a Song Recital by Victor Harding. 5.40 Bernard Wetherall tells more about 'Charlie Brown' in the London of 30 years ago.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Spanish Lady, second episode of Tudor Watkins's serial Spanish Galleon.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Nursery Song for Younger Listeners. 5.35 Letter from America by Olive Shapley. 5.45 I Saw a Ship A-Sailing, a feature of verse, music, and songs.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Tommy Toot Comes to Town, a story for the youngest listener; followed by Ian's Strange Journey, a tale of coaching days, by Ida Rowe.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Songs by the Holyrood School Boys' Choir, conducted by Donald Leggett; also Cabbages and Kings, a talk about all manner of things.

MONDAY, 5.20 Sea Fever, a programme by three generations of seafaring men in which Walter Barnes, a Brixham fisherman, describes his childhood among sailing ships 60 years ago; Jack Collings sings a few sea songs; and a young Naval Lieutenant describes his adventures aboard a minesweeper.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Boy Wanted—Part 3 of the serial story by Harry Alan Towers.

Mr Roosevelt to the French!

This is what President Roosevelt broadcast to the French people. Fifty million copies of the speech were dropped over Africa from US planes.

My friends, who have suffered day and night under the overwhelming yoke of the Nazis, I speak to you as one who was in France in 1918 with your army and navy. I have preserved throughout my life a profound friendship for the whole French people.

I retain and carefully cherish hundreds of French friends in France and outside France. I know your villages and your towns. I know your farms, your workers. I know well how precious to the French people is the heritage of your hearts, your culture and principles of democracy.

I salute again and I declare again and again my faith in liberty, equality and fraternity.

There are no two nations more united in the bonds of history and mutual friendship than the people of France and the United States of America.

The Americans, with the help of the United Nations, are doing all they can to establish a healthy future as well as the restoration of the ideals, the freedoms of democracy, for those who have lived under the Tricolour.

We are coming among you to repulse the cruel invaders who wish to strip you for ever of the right to govern yourselves, to deprive you of the right to worship God as you wish, and to snatch

from you the right to live your lives in peace and security.

We are coming among you solely to crush and destroy your enemies. Believe us, we do not wish to do you any harm. We assure you that once the threat of Germany and Italy has been removed from you we shall immediately leave your territory.

I appeal to your realism, to your interests, and your French national ideals. Do not, I beg of you, hinder this great purpose. Render your assistance, my friends, where you can, and you will see the return of the glorious days when freedom and peace will again reign in the world.

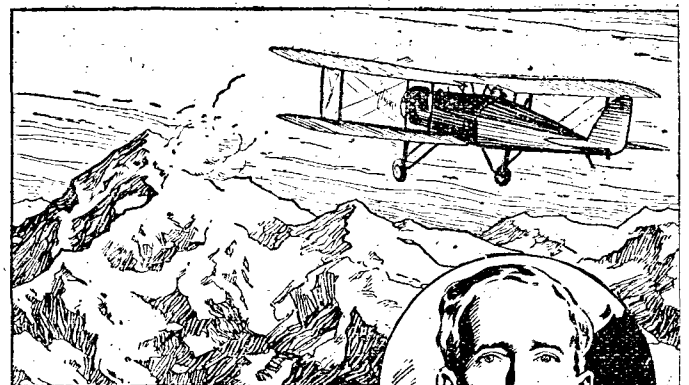
Vive la France éternelle.

PORTRAITS AT THE ACADEMY

Among the portraits exhibited by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Academy till the end of this month the chief interest of the public is clearly in Mr Frank Salisbury's portrait of the Prime Minister, showing Mr Churchill in his siren suit. It is generally agreed that the portrait is one of Mr Churchill's best, and has been seen by thousands of visitors to the exhibition.

Among other portraits hung is one of the Editor of the CN, also by Mr Salisbury.

SALUTE TO BRAVE BRITONS



No. 3

Air Commodore Fellowes, D.S.O.

He flew over the highest mountain in the world.

Nine years ago, Air Commodore Fellowes, D.S.O., led the expedition which flew over the 29,000 ft. Mount Everest, photographing territory never before seen by man, and locating the mysterious hidden Lake of the Gods. A Westland aeroplane was used, fitted with a Bristol Pegasus S.3 engine; and fuel that would not freeze even at 62 degrees below zero.

The expedition took supplies of Fry's Chocolate and Cocoa, and the Air Commodore wrote back to tell us "... your chocolate has been a real source of not only pleasure but nourishment to the expedition ... we have found your chocolate to be most excellent."



Presented by **FRY'S** whose famous
CHOCOLATE AND COCOA have sustained many brave
men in their hazardous quests



Mother! Constipated Child needs 'California Syrup of Figs'

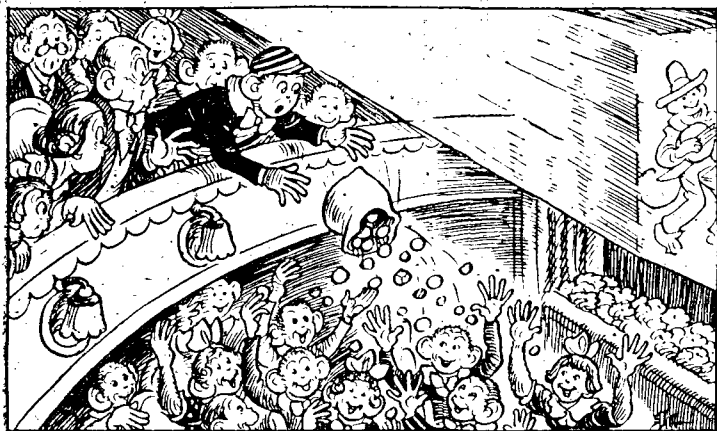
Hurry, Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the

pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere.

Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'

The BRAN TUB

Jacko at the Pictures



MONKEYVILLE'S new kinema was first-rate. And so was the picture. Jacko, seated in the front row of the balcony, was having a splendid time, feeding himself at intervals from a big paper bag. He forgot the bag when the time came to clap, and to his horror over it went into the seats below. The children down there greeted the shower of sweets with shouts of delight. Jacko wasn't so pleased.

PRECISELY

BARBER: Do you want a hair cut, sir?
Customer: No. I want them all cut!
Barber: Any particular way, sir?
Customer: Yes, off!

The Best Times

WHEN old folks they wuz young like us
An' little as you an' me—
Them wuz the best times ever wuz
Er ever goin' to be!
James Whitcomb Riley

Sad Tale

THERE once was an ichthyosaurus
Who lived when the earth was all porous,
When he first heard his name
He fainted with shame
And departed long ages before us.

SHEET LIGHTNING

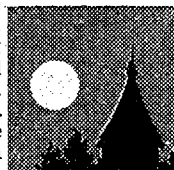
WHAT we call sheet lightning is merely the reflection of lightning in a thunderstorm at a considerable distance. It has been possible to see lightning about 100 miles away.

BAD COMPLAINT

REMARKED a man to his friend, "Do you know that half a dozen doctors have given up Poorleigh?"
"I'm sorry to hear that. What is the matter with him?" returned the friend.
"Oh! He just won't pay their bills."

Other Worlds

IN the evening the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are in the south-east. In the morning Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-west. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-past 8 on Saturday evening, November 21.



Proverbs About the Tongue

THE tongue is the rudder of our ship.

Better the feet slip than the tongue.

Let not your tongue run away with your brains.

A good tongue is a good weapon. Confine your tongue, lest it confine you.

A bridle for the tongue is a necessary piece of furniture. The tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.

NOT MISSED

THE train was crossing a bridge, and the river could be seen a hundred feet below, winding its way to the sea.

"What if the bridge should break and the train fall into the river?" squeaked the pessimist.

"That would be quite all right, sir. The company would not miss it. It has a lot of trains," replied the cheerful optimist.

Trouble

IN half the affairs of this busy life
(As on a fine day I said to my wife),
Our troubles come from trying to put
The left-hand shoe on the right-hand foot.

UNUSUAL

THYNE: You missed your train this morning, old chap. How was that?

Thycke: Why, the wretched thing came in on time.

Do You Live at Bacup?

IN the thirteenth century the place was called Ffulebachope, which means foul bach hope—that is, "the enclosed valley of the foul or dirty brook." Bacup is situated in the centre of four valleys, and no doubt at one time a muddy brook ran there.

POLITENESS

GATHERING up some papers from his desk, Mr Johnson dashed out of his office and ran down the corridor, but as he turned the corner he came into violent collision with a stranger who was also hurrying.

"My dear sir," gasped Mr Johnson as he gathered up his papers, "I don't know which of us is to blame for this unfortunate accident, but I am far too busy to investigate it now. If it was my fault, I beg your pardon. If it was your fault, don't mention it."

And the next moment he was sprinting along the passage again.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Is It?
The letter E

What Time? 5.35

BLADE	APT
AERO	CLUE
DARNER	MA
DOOR	BAR
A	WROTE
MS	DRAM
AL	LEADER
SOLO	CLAY
SET	STELE



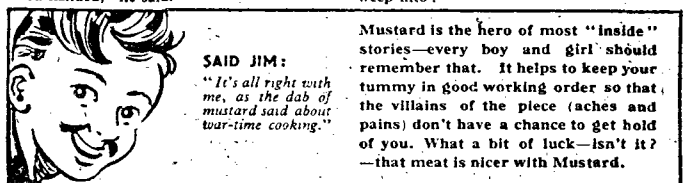
The Three Mustardeers were visiting the airfield where Mary's uncle was a Wing Commander. It was raining. Mary, seeing some coloured handkerchiefs on a line, ran to take them in.



"Auspicious," said Mary. "Suspicious, you mean, and so it is—Look!" cried Roger. The handkerchiefs were out again and a man in the road was waving to the mechanic. The Mustardeers dashed to the man, Roger snatching up a tent mallet.



"Hold 'em, boys," came a shout. And up ran men of the R.A.F. headed by the Wing Commander; they captured the two men. "I've suspected this mechanic for some time. Now you've got him and his pal red-handed," he said.



Mustard is the hero of most "inside" stories—every boy and girl should remember that. It helps to keep your tummy in good working order so that the villains of the piece (aches and pains) don't have a chance to get hold of you. What a bit of luck—Isn't it?—that meat is nicer with Mustard.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD

CAN THE NATION'S WEALTH ENDURE?

Boy. May we talk again about the nation's wealth? Don't you think that with wages so easily earned as they are now, we may forget that they may be hard to come by after the war? We see boys and girls drawing more than many men were able to earn in 1938. What of the future, when the Government is no longer placing enormous orders?

Man. Certainly we must think seriously of these things, and we should do well to start our thinking at the point where modern British wealth began. Do you realise that our wealth is a very recent thing, and that less than two centuries separates us from days in which, as a great economist put it, "our people, though with no small share of poetic and philosophic genius, were unskilful and unhandy, better in the arts of war than those of peace"?

Boy. How, then, did we learn the arts of peace and grow wealthy?

Man. The change was brought about by our learning at last how

The Boy Talks With the Man

to get coal out of our mines, and how to apply that coal to smelt iron and make machines. Poorly paid agricultural labourers found themselves able to draw better wages as miners and industrial workers. Towns grew apace and with them modern wealth and modern poverty. With the wealth we fought Napoleon, and lent money to those who would join in fighting him.

The population grew so rapidly that last century the population of the United Kingdom rose from 15 millions to 41 millions. That seems quite incredible, especially when we remember that the comparatively few people of 1801 were much poorer per head than the great population of 1901.

Boy. And all this growth, you say, came out of the coal mines. How was that?

Man. Coal set up a demand for transport, and so the railway and steamship were invented. With metal based on coal, we invented machinery to produce textiles, which were readily sold abroad in exchange for materials we formerly lacked. Carrying coal and coal-based goods abroad led to shipping prosperity, and added enormously to our wealth. That was the position when the First World War broke out in 1914.

That war made inroads on our trade which had not been wholly repaired when the present war occurred. Our coal export trade had been largely lost, and it was not found easy to recover the export trade in manufactures which had been lost through the war. Now, faced with a war far more

devastating than the last, we have to sell out capital, borrow enormously for domestic supplies, and become greatly indebted to the United States, who can hardly be expected to continue lending on a gigantic scale when the war ends.

We have lost a great amount of shipping, and the new ships needed for the war will be mainly produced in America, because we can only do so much; after the war, therefore, it is clear we shall have much greater difficulty in producing wealth than in 1914 or even in 1938. Imports will be much harder to come by, especially as we have sold out so much of our capital invested abroad. America will naturally take shipping supremacy from us.

Boy. This suggests, then, that whatever happens in the war, we shall have more trouble in earning our living in the future than in that recent past, when our wealth grew so rapidly?

Man. That seems plain. We can plan and improve home production and home trade, but at every point home trade calls for the use of imports, and to earn them we must endeavour to restore the export trade. For example, housing is a home industry, but it calls for the use of timber and metals, of which we have so little. In 1938 our imports of timber actually amounted to £43,000,000, while our imports of all raw materials amounted to £248,000,000 and our total imports to £920,000,000. Such are the facts we have to look in the face, as in 1942 we draw easy wages based on Government spending out of loans. But we must draw comfort from the fact that these problems are already receiving the attention of statesmen.

Best Value for Money—
Best Value for Coupons!

Walters'
Palm
Toffee

Control Price 5^d per gtr.
DELIGHTS • STRENGTHENS • SUSTAINS